



THE  
HISTORY OF HENRY  
the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle  
of Westmerland, with others

King.

**S**O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Finde we a time for fighited peace to pant,  
And breath short-winded accents of new broyles,  
To be commenc't in stronds a farre remote:  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soyle,  
Shall dawbe his lips with her own childrens blood;  
No more shall trenching Warre chanell her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hootes  
Of hostile pases: those opposed eyes,  
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,  
And furious close of civill butchery,  
Shall now in naturall wel-beseeming rankes,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.  
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his Master: therefore friends,  
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose Souldiers now, under whose blessed Crosse  
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levie,  
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,  
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walkt those blessed seete,

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